

The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 25.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION
(Including Postage.)PER MONTH.....\$0.05.
PER YEAR.....\$0.50.

VOL. 29.....NO. 10,171

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

NEW BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD OFFICE—1267 BROADWAY, between 114 and 115 sts., New York.

BROOKLYN—359 FULTON ST. HAWKLEY—New Department, 150 EAST 125TH ST. Advertisements at 237 EAST 110TH ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LANSER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH 5TH ST. WASHINGTON—410 14TH ST.

LONDON OFFICE—32 COCKSPUR ST., TRAVELERS SQUARE.

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EVERY OFFICE OF THE MUTUAL DISTRICT TELEGRAPH COMPANY IS AUTHORIZED TO ACCEPT "WANTS" FOR THE WORLD.

Every Mutual District Call Box can be used for this purpose and NO CHARGE will be made FOR MESSENGER SERVICE.

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100 W. 4th St.	100 Broadway	100 5th Ave.
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100 18th St.	100 19th St.	100 20th St.
100 21st St.	100 22nd St.	100 23rd St.
100 24th St.	100 25th St.	100 26th St.
100 27th St.	100 28th St.	100 29th St.
100 30th St.	100 31st St.	100 32nd St.

Unimpeachable Testimony!

7th May, 1889.
After a thorough examination of the circulation books, Press and Mail Room Reports, and newspaper accounts of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the receipts bills from the various paper companies which supply THE NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the indexed checks given in payment thereof, we are convinced, and certify, that there were PRINTED AND ACTUALLY CIRCULATED during the month of March, 1889, a total of TEN MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY (10,709,522) COMPLETE COPIES OF "THE WORLD."

W. A. CAMP, Manager of the New York Clearing House.
O. D. BALDWIN, Pres. of the American Loan and Trust Company.
THOMAS L. JAMES, Pres. of the Lincoln National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM.

32 10,709,520 (345,468)
The average No. of WORLDS printed daily during the month of March last was

345,468.
Average daily Circulation during May

345,808 Copies!

SCIENTIFIC ROBBERY.

The monopolistic spirit is running mad at the present time. New schemes for plundering the people are developed daily.

Monopoly and speculation are in league. The worst element of Wall street is rampant again. The greed of these financial cormorants is insatiable.

The very same of scientific robbery is attained when, after the formation of an iniquitous, unscrupulous Trust, the value of the stock is inflated beyond all semblance of its intrinsic worth, and it is then placed upon the market as the football of stock gamblers. Not satisfied with forcing up the price of the necessities of life, and thereby exacting tribute from the helpless people, the stock is thrown out as a decoy to catch the eye of the unwary and invite investment at fancy prices.

And when the bubble bursts, as burst it must, the monopolistic gamblers fatten their purses upon the dire distress of the weak.

How long must this brazen system of scientific modern robbery endure?

NO SAFETY ANYWHERE.

The dangers that beset the pathway of the pedestrian in this city are innumerable. If their lives are not menaced in one way they are in another. A newly discovered method of torture made its appearance yesterday. It was the gasoline lamp of a workman in a subway trench.

While standing on Broadway near Nineteenth street, engaged in conversation with a friend, and unconscious of impending danger, Mrs. TOOKER's dress was discovered to be on fire, and she narrowly escaped frightful injuries. Her skirts had ignited from the flame of a lamp carelessly held by a man working in the trench at the edge of the walk.

The dangers of the wilderness pale into insignificance compared to the besetting perils of life and limb in this complicated but easy-going metropolis.

GOING TO MEET HER HUSBAND.
Mrs. WHITELING, who to-day explains on the scaffold in Philadelphia the crime of killing her husband and several children by poison, is reported to be looking forward to joyful reunion with her husband. Just where she expects to find him is not stated, but as all murderers announce their intention of going direct to heaven, it is probable that it is her expectation that she will meet him there.

Just why, if Mr. WHITELING was good

enough to be an angel, his wife did not enjoy his society here is a perplexing conundrum. It belongs in the elongated list of those things that nobody knows.

WHO ARE THE GUILTY PARTIES?

MAYOR CHAPIN, of Brooklyn, has issued a manifesto reciting that certain officials, clothed with authority to perform the marriage ceremony, have committed serious irregularities in connection therewith. He warns them against a continuance of the illegal practices.

It is a singular fact that the Mayor refuses to disclose the names of the guilty parties. Is this not queer conduct for an official? If any of the magistrates in Brooklyn have violated the law by not making the statutory inquiries of those desiring to be married they should be held responsible for their misconduct.

MAYOR CHAPIN is setting a bad example. In shielding the guilty magistrates he is not as culpable as they?

A WOMAN'S GRIE.

Of a woman's will it has been truly said: "When she will, she will, and there's an end on't; when she won't, she won't, and you may depend on it." This was exemplified at Mount Vernon yesterday.

Mrs. POWERS and Mrs. STORNS engaged in a colloquial encounter, in which the former showed the sharpest powers of speech. Wounded by her cutting remarks, Mrs. STORNS had Mrs. POWERS arrested for defamation of character.

The justice adjudged that the defendant pay a fine of \$5 or go to jail for five days. Adopting CHARLES COTSWORTH PINCKNEY's immortal words, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," as her motto, Mrs. POWERS went to jail rather than pay the fine. There's grit for you.

WILDER'S BOOK.

THE PEOPLE I'VE SMILED WITH. RECOLLECTIONS OF A MERRY LITTLE LIFE. BY MARSHALL P. WILDER. (Cassell & Co., New York.)

Every man-about-town and a good many others, society men and women, know well the quaint little jester who here tells in a book of those with whom he has smiled.

The book has an admirable seed-plot in an introduction by Col. John A. Cook, of THE WORLD. Marshall P. Wilder was handicapped in the race of life by a crooked spine. Happily he decided that it would only make matters worse if he let his temper become warped, too. So he has steadily cultivated a bright, sunny way of looking at things, and his gift as a raconteur and merry-maker has brought him a comfortable income and kept his soul unwarped.

This book is a most cheerfully optimistic record of what he has done; whom he has met, and whom he likes. There is not one harsh word in it from beginning to end; not one thing that isn't rose-colored.

The pinky little man went over to England to make a book for the clock. He captured that society regular who makes success by his royal approbation, and Marshall has nothing but good words for the Prince of Wales.

He does not say so many very brilliant things. Bon mots and impromptu sparks are not the sort of thing that Wilder is billed for. But he always makes you laugh, and the man who can do that is blessed to humanity.

One thing he says that is good enough to be repeated because it shows an insight into humanity. He says that men like nothing better than being told about something they know. So Wilder does not shrink from a chestnut. He only takes care to put it in a new burr, one of his own providing.

The book is neatly gotten up in a pale green and terra cotta cover, and there are portraits of the little humorist. One where he is funny, one where he is going to be, and the third where he has got there.

Everybody can enjoy the good-natured, optimistic account that the little man gives of himself and his successes, though cold type is a poorer medium for the expression of his humor than the sparkling eye, mobile face and genial smile of the small man himself.

J. J. A. B.

A Gorgeous Billiard Room.

An architect of large experience says that nothing in the country compares with the billiard room of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt. It is a Moorish room opening out of the great Francis I. banquet room, and is described by a New York correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean as follows: "The walls are varnished in forest-green old Moorish tiles brought from Spain, rich with iridescent dyes and peacock's eyes lustrous, a secret that modern enamels have never recovered."

Above the varnishing of the walls are of papier mache, modelled in designs secured from the Alhambra twenty years ago by Mr. R. M. Hunt, a favor not granted since by the Sultan of Morocco. There have been plenty of models since secured with geometrical precision by callipers and cunning instruments, but these show the blunted angles and softened lines of the original, and as they are colored with the same tints have that charm which the greater precision would not give.

The doors and ceiling are of butternut, elaborately ornamented with Moorish interlaced work. The mantel and the fire-facings of the horseshoe arch are of Mexican onyx, and a series of onyx columns above the mantel-breasts make niches where the cues and other necessary solids and liquids of billiard-room are kept. Opposite the mantel is a fountain secured in a niche where the water falls in spray over silver ribs with beautiful effect.

"The window of the room is in itself a notable feature. It is filled with perforated ornaments, and behind this is a large onyx, so thin as to be almost transparent. This is of butternut, inlaid in Moorish designs, and in keeping are chairs and divans. Adjoining is a Moorish toilet-room, lined with Moorish tiles, with the fixtures in onyx."

Why He Was Glad.

[From the Epoch.]
Merritt—Your father said he was glad you stuffed that toothpick in the stem of his pipe.

Little Johnnie—Was it because it kept him from smoking all night?

Merritt—No. He said it was because he had been waiting for some excuse to give you a leathering.

Johnnie's Generosity.

[From the Epoch.]
Mrs. Brown—How did you come to give your sister the big apple and keep the little one for yourself?

Little Johnnie—'Cause there was a worm in it.

A Treasure.

[From Harper's Magazine.]
"The most expensive autograph I have," said the collector, "is this. It is the signature of Bob Boniface, who keeps a hotel at Saratoga. It cost me \$100 a week for three weeks. The unfortunate part of it is that I couldn't sell the receipt to-day for more than two cents a pound."

MOTHERS say they would not be without MORRIS'S TALKING COMB. Price 25 cents.

THE BABIES' FUND.

And the Babes Themselves Are Helping It Grow.

We Shall Have That Free Doctors' Corps Started in Due Season.

Let Everybody Help On the Good Cause by Their Contributions.

The Steckler Brothers Send in Substantial Sympathy This Morning.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD.....	\$100.00
Already acknowledged.....	936.92
Alfred and Chas. Steckler.....	25.00
Dick.....	2.00
W. A. B. G.....	1.00
Helen.....	.25
Collected by Little Children.....	1.00
McGovern.....	3.00
Kate A. Ruel.....	2.00
A. B. G.....	1.00
Laurie, Cammie and Robbie.....	.25

Generous Steckler Brothers.

Please accept the enclosed \$25, our contribution towards THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Children's Fund. It is a most worthy and commendable undertaking, and deserves the full support of a charitable public.

ALFRED AND CHARLES STECKLER, Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law, 47 Centre street, June 25.

Dick's \$2.

To the Editor of THE Evening World:
I send \$2 to the "Sick Babies' Fund."

DICK.

New Let Us Hear from "C."

To the Editor of THE Evening World:
Please find enclosed \$1 for Sick Babies' Fund.

A. B.

\$2 with Good Wishes.

To the Editor of THE Evening World:
I enclose you will find \$2 for the Babies' Fund. Hoping you will succeed, I remain, yours,

KATE A. RUEHL.

Two Little Girls' Collections.

We are two little girls, and, knowing every little helps, we have collected \$3 among our few friends for the Sick Babies' Fund.

LILLIE COHN, 479 Avenue B.

ISABELLA MCGOVERN, 203 West Sixty-first street.

In Memory of a Babe in Heaven.

To the Editor of THE Evening World:
In memory of my baby in heaven I send the enclosed dollar, hoping it may save some little baby to its loving mother.

New York, June 23. W. A. B. G.

Their Money for the Fourth.

To the Editor of THE Evening World:
Please accept our mite for the sick babies. This is our money for the Fourth of July. We send it to the sick babies instead.

Laurie, Cammie, Robbie.

IN TOPICAL SONG.

"THE Evening World" Free Doctors' Fund Advocated at the Casino.

The following stanza has been introduced into Solomon's topical song, rendered nightly to large audiences, in the third act of "The Brigands," at the Casino. The sentiment's O. K., except that we've no doubt Mr. Gould would be glad to contribute to the fund if it was brought to his attention: THE EVENING WORLD'S call, we should all try to meet.

If we've got it.

And subscribe to give poor, sickly babies a treat.

If we've got it.

Each sum they receive, will the funds help to swell.

Now matter how small, every nickel will tell; J-y G—thou'ld he'd send them one hundred as well.

But he forgot it.

BEAUCONFIELD AND THE PRIMROSE.

They Were Not His Favorite Flowers At All, though So Supposed.

It is a popular idea that the late Lord Beaconsfield was particularly devoted to primroses, and on the 19th of April many Englishmen still wear the bright little yellow "firstling of Spring" in memory of the famous statesman. The fact is, however, that he cared no more for primroses than for dandelions, the gardenia, if anything, being his favorite flower; and a Mr. Escott tells us that one day, as he was strolling with Lord Beaconsfield through the lovely grounds of Hughenden, he happened to remark that the peacocks had pecked away the roots of the primroses, at which Mr. Lord said, "Yes, it is said; but to tell the truth, I prefer peacocks to primroses."

How, then, asks the American Agriculturist, did the blossom come to be associated with his name? It is said to have occurred in the following manner:

On the day of Lord Beaconsfield's funeral the Queen sent an immense wreath of primroses to the funeral upon which was pinned a card attached as wrote, "His favorite flower!" This tribute of royalty with the accompanying inscription naturally attracted much attention and was the beginning of the primrose craze. But the truth was, Her Majesty was not thinking about Lord Beaconsfield at all when she wrote the words, but had the Prince Consort in her mind, as he was his predilection she was remembering rather than that of her distinguished subject.

New to the Business.

[From the Buffalo (Ind.) Herald.]
A newly elected justice of the peace not a thousand miles from Milford delivered the following charge to the jury the other day: "Gentlemen of the Jury: Charging a jury is a new business to me, as this is my first case. You have heard all the evidence in the case as well as myself; you have also heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe that the learned counsel have told you the truth, your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me, and don't believe what either of them said, then I'll be—"

"If I know what you will do, Constable, take charge of the jury."

Had One.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]
"Have you any particular object in looking around here?" asked the contractor of a new building of an idler who was in the way.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

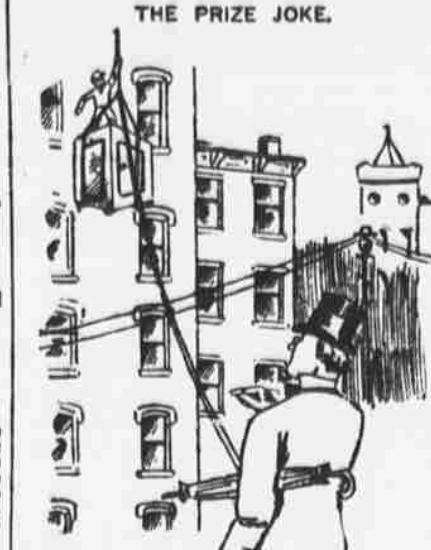
"Well, what is it?"

"I want to dodge my creditors, and they will never think of looking for me where there is any work going on."

PRIZE ILLUSTRATED JOKE.

JUDGE McDUGALL AWARDS THE TWENTY-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE TO "GURNEY."

THE PRIZE JOKE.



Milow Mead (visiting New York for the first time)—I'm pretty certain I shall be the sixth floor, and I'd like to see 'n' mighty bad; but I'll be damned if I'll let me be a breaking my neck on none of these new-fangled elevator concerns 'f I never see 'n' GURNEY.

THE JUDGE'S COMMENTS.

In awarding the prize to the above illustrated joke as the best one produced by the contest, I wish to express some surprise that none of the professional "comic artists" have contributed to my misery as Judge. The joke selected for the prize bears more indications of real humor, open and uncoincidental, than any of the large number submitted for my perusal, and which have enriched our readers from time to time without regard to expense. In our journey through life we are cautioned to smile by the way as frequently as possible, and Mr. Gurney is to be congratulated upon the possession of the pure brand of American humor, which arouses dormant and torpid smiles and lightens the burden of existence, as well as matches the twenty-dollar gold piece.

WALT McDUGALL.

MAIL SENT BY ELECTRICITY.

Can They Be Carried From Here to Boston in Sixty Minutes?

Within a twelvemonth from the present date, says the Boston Herald, mails will be carried from Boston to New York city in sixty minutes. So say the capitalists who are making arrangements for the establishment of a transport line on the so-called "port-electric system" from time to time, and which have enriched our readers from time to time without regard to expense. In our journey through life we are cautioned to smile by the way as frequently as possible, and Mr. Gurney is to be congratulated upon the possession of the pure brand of American humor, which arouses dormant and torpid smiles and lightens the burden of existence, as well as matches the twenty-dollar gold piece.

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THE ALL CONDEMN IT.

Nothing Good Said